IT CANNOT BE.

It cannot be that He who made
This wondrous world for our delight—
Designed that all its charms should fade
And pass forever from our sight;
That all should wither and decay,
And know on earth no life but this,
With only one finite survey
Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years
Of toil and care and grief we live
Shall find no recompense but tears,
No sweet return that earth can give;
That all that leads us to aspire
And struggle onward to achieve,
With every unattained desire,
Was given only to deceive.

It cannot be that after all
The mighty conquests of the mind,
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall
And leave no record here behind;
That all our dreams of love and fame,
And hopes that time has swept away,
All that enthralled this mortal frame,
Shall not return some other day.

It cannot be that all the ties
Of kindred souls and loving hearts
Are broken when this body dies,
And the immortal mind departs;
That no serener light shall break
At last upon our mortal eyes,
To guide us as our footsteps make
The pilgrimage to Paradise.
—David Banks Sickels, in N. Y. Sun.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

The stranger turned quickly, wrenching aside one end of the shattered pole. "No; he is all right," he reassuringly declared, when a hasty examination had revealed but a slight abrasion on the adventured leg. "But you, Miss Meredith, are you really unharmed? It was such a nasty fall—on this gridiron of a bridge."

"But I did not fall; I jumped," she quickly retorted, with the sensitiveness of a skilled rider to such charge of clumsiness. She gasped a little for breath, turning about to place her back to the storm as she added: "I was looking for the trail which leads across by the Mascot mine. Perhaps you can tell me where it turns off."

"Oh, certainly. I came that way myself only a few minutes ago. It is about a mile back."

"A mile back! I missed it, then," she disappointedly exclaimed, her teeth closing suddenly on her under lip as she glanced down at her left wrist, her cheeks turning rather white. "I have so much farther to go."

"But you are hurt, Miss Meredith; I am sure you are," he solicitously returned. "What can I do for you? Is it your wrist?"

"I believe I did twist it a little," she murmured, dubiously regarding the long wrinkled glove which covered the now intense aching. "It is nothing, of course, but—"

"You are faint!" he cried, casting loose the bridle-rein he had been holding, and making as though he thought he should offer the support of his arm. "Can you walk to this log beyond the bridge?—Yes; that is right; sit there while I get you some water." He dashed down to the water's edge, where some campers had left a litter with it dripping full. "If you could drink from this—" he urged, deprecatingly. "It is clean, in spite of the rust; and I'm afraid it is the best I can do."

"It does beautifully, thanks," she murmured, gratefully, as she took the

"But you are hurt, I am sure you are."

rude cup; adding, when she had drunk of it, "I never fainted in my life; there was not the slightest danger of that; but I felt a little queered. The water has helped me."

"But it has leaked all over your dress," he cried, dismayedly, as though charging himself with the damage.

"But the heavens have already leaked so much, a little more will hardly matter," she returned, faintly smiling, as she stood up again. "And, by all the signs, I am likely to be wetter. I must be making for shelter as fast as I can."

"But will you not let me see the wrist?" he anxiously interposed. "You are sure that it is not broken?"

"Oh, it couldn't be," she protested, although she looked frightened at the suggestion.

"We'll hope not, surely; but won't you take off the glove, please?"

She obediently drew off the sodden kid, holding out the injured member for his inspection. He took the small hand by its finger-tips, swaying it to and fro with a sort of reverent hesitancy, anxiously glancing at her face to see if he were giving pain. "No; it is only a sprain, and not a very bad one, I hope," he decided, in a tone of relief. "But of course it is paining you. You must let me bind it up with water. It will be better than nothing." And he hurried away to dip his handkerchief in the stream, folding it to a compress as he came back.

"But I am sure that is not necessary," Dorothy protested, drawing back.

"Not strictly necessary, perhaps; but it may somewhat relieve the pain. You would better have it," he returned, in a peremptory tone; and, as though comprehending that argument would be wasted, she meekly submitted to the treatment.

Even with the pain of the injured wrist, with all the roaring of the storm, the rain now developing to a torrent, even with such diverse unpleasantness to fill her mind, the girl had not failed to perceive that this was no clod-pated ranchman who had come to her relief. He was clothed in the brown duck of the miners' common wear, his pantaloons tucked into the tops of a pair of high, heavy boots laced across the instep, the soft felt hat pulled low over his eyes more than anything else betraying his occupation in its splashes of candle-grease. But Dorothy knew her Rocky mountain world too well to think of gauging the man's position by the chance appearance of his clothes. That he was engaged in mining was evident; but he might be a tyro from the east, out of luck and toiling for daily wage; or he might be the owner of the richest property in all the district. Whatever his present standing, there was that in the modulations of his voice, in his niceties of speech, which told of a sometime environment very remote from the rude life of the mining camp. That he was a gentleman appeared to her beyond question, while her woman's instinct had been quick to decide that he was one to be trusted; moreover, there was something about him that struck her as oddly familiar. Was he one of the boarders at the hotel, and had she seen him there? There seemed an assured friendliness about his manner which implied some measure of previous acquaintance. "You will show me the way?" she anxiously exclaimed, flushing a little to be detected in intent study of his looks as he glanced up.

"Certainly. But you will have to let me lift you on your horse, Miss Meredith; with your wrist you must not try to help yourself at all," he said, in a matter-of-fact way, stooping a little to be heard above the noise of the storm; and with the words his strong hands closed about her waist, raising her to the saddle as though she had been a child.

"You need not have done that," she protested, rather sharply. "I could have mounted myself perfectly well."

"I beg pardon, but I am sure it was better you should not try," he imperturbably returned, picking up her whip from the ground. "It is such a mercy that it is not the left wrist; you can hold the rein all right," he went on, with a gratulatory smile. "And there's another silver lining to the cloud. There's an old shack of a shaft-house up the draw there, where we can get under cover until the worst of this is over."

"But my father is waiting for me at the Grubstake mine," gasped the girl, ducking her head before a furious onslaught of wind and rain. "I must get there as soon as possible."

"But it is not possible to get there in such a deluge as this," he protested. He had mounted his own horse, and now rode up beside her. "Your father could not expect you."

"Oh, but he would. He would be frightened. I must get there."

"See here, Miss Meredith," he impatiently exclaimed, with an air of driving an unwilling bargain, "you cannot go on in a storm like this. It will be raining cats and dogs within three minutes. If you will only let me get you under shelter, I will ride on myself to the Grubstake, if you say so, and let your father know that you are all right. Ah, you must!" he insisted, as a fiercer gust swept down the rough defile, causing the girl to crouch low over the horse's neck.

CHAPTER III.

They had not far to go, but it was a rough climb, and the young man's first words were of apology when, springing to the ground, he came back to seize her horse by the bit and guide him up the last few feet over an almost perpendicular mass of loose gray rock.

"I would have gone round by the trail if I had known it was quite so rough; but we're all right now," he said, turning to try the door of the rude hut to which they had come. The horses were huddled together on a small, rhomboidal bit of ground formed at the top of an old dump pile, which went crumbling away in a sheer descent far down among the trees, some of which had been half buried in the lava-like flow. At the left yawned the mouth of a tunnel about which appeared no sign of recent work, while the rough slab door of the shanty was fastened by a chain and padlock so rusted that they seemed to have been exposed to the storms of years. By no means daunted by this obstacle, however, the young man coolly caught up a jagged piece of rock and in a moment the staple was broken and the door thrown open.

"If you will just step inside while I run the horses into the tunnel—" he hastily advised, when he had lifted her to the ground. Dorothy needed no second bidding, but once within the door she paused, peering about doubtfully. It was nothing more than a rude smithy, obviously designed merely for the sharpening of drills used in the tunnel, its floor the bare, brown earth, its only equipment a great stone forge in one corner with an anvil at one side, a few empty candle-boxes, a small pile of wood, and some picks and drills thrown down with other undistinguishable rubbish in one corner.

"It is not quite the lap of luxury, but we might do worse," the stranger smilingly observed, as he came back, carrying his hat filled with pine cones, while he was further laden with an armful of broken sticks. "And a fire will help the looks of things amazingly."

"To say nothing of the comfort of it," Miss Meredith rejoined, her teeth chattering as she smiled. "How cold it has grown!"

"That is the worst of this much vaunted climate; it has a capacity for infinite variety. When the barometer gets started on the down grade there is never any telling where it will stop. The weather is always exceptional, if one is to believe the statements of the oldest inhabitants. But there—that looks encouraging, doesn't it?" he said, standing back and pleasedly surveying his work, as a tiny spiral of flame leaped with sputtering eagerness through the damp pitchiness of the piled-up cones on the forge.

"'I have seen the fire—I am warmed,'" the girl smilingly quoted, holding out her hands to the blaze. "It is lovely."

"And now won't you sit down and make yourself comfortable?" He turned a candle-box on end for her as he spoke.

"But the box is so low and the fire is so high," she smilingly objected. "I should only be warming the tip of my nose, and I am half frozen."

"Are you?" He looked as dismayed as though he accepted the statement literally. "But of course you are. What can I do?" He answered the question for himself by recklessly heaping upon the forge the greater part of all the dry

"And to think of meeting you again in this out of-the-way place," she said.

wood that had been in the hut; from which he turned to fish out from the debris in the corner a dusty gunny-sack, which he held up before him as if dubiously measuring its possibilities.

"It won't do; it is not half big enough," Dorothy exclaimed, divining his idea with a merry laugh.

"I suppose not; and it is so abominably dirty besides," he disgustedly rejoined, his laugh by no means so gay as hers, as he threw the thing back where he had found it. "But you ought to have something around you; you will have your death of cold. I am afraid my coat is as wet as your dress," anxiously feeling the sleeve.

"And I could not think of taking it if it were not," she decidedly returned. "Please don't trouble; I am doing beautifully. It is such a glorious fire."

"But still, with all the draughts in this sieve of a place— Oh, I say, why can't I put the box up on the forge for you, to the windward of the smoke—so," suiting the action to the words, and hastily adding a small erection of sticks to save her feet from contact with the ashes. "Now, Miss Meredith, you won't find this half bad, I promise you. Come." He confidently held out his hand to assist her.

"But I cannot," the girl protested, laughing at the idea, even though as she spoke she yielded the point, meekly permitting herself to try the strange construction. "I feel like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief," she laughingly observed, glancing about from the high perch.

"And will I do to personate grief?" he amusedly returned. "Niobe could hardly have been wetter than I, I fancy. But—heavens!—hear that downpour. We are here just in time, you see, Miss Meredith."

"Yes," she replied, listening with an awed face to the thunderous beating upon the roof. "And it is leaking over there in the corner—see."

"But it is all right where you are," he reassuringly returned. "And are you getting warm? Can I do anything to make you more comfortable?"

"I am doing beautifully, thanks." There was a puzzled light in her eyes as she looked at him with a glance that swiftly took note of his dark brown, close-cropped hair, showing a tendency to curl at the ends, which lay damp against his forehead, the clear, gray-blue eyes, the dark moustache, and the square-cut chin beneath. It was a strong, masterful face, fine-looking rather than handsome. There was intellectual force in the high forehead, uprightness in the frank glance, which had a way of flashing in light of humor, exquisitely contagious when he smiled. In that smile lay his strongest claim to real beauty, softening and brightening the whole face, which expressed something of severity, almost of sadness, in repose. But even when he was grave it was a goodly face to look upon, a face to like and remember. If in any part of the world she had ever met this man before, Dorothy thought, it would seem that she could hardly fail to recognize him now, even under the partial disguise of his rough mining garb, and yet——

"I beg pardon; you were about to say something?" he asked, as with a little catch in her breath she looked away, meeting his glance.

"It was nothing, only—" hesitating, with a shy little smile that made her divinely pretty in the dancing firelight, "it struck me that I had possibly met you somewhere before to-day."

"I think you have, Miss Meredith," he answered, smiling so broadly that she must note how even were the strong white teeth showing under the brown moustache. "But I hardly expected that you would remember it," he added.

She looked at him for an instant in silence, the puzzled expression suddenly changing to a flashing smile of recognition. "I know," she breathlessly exclaimed. "It was at the world's fair!—It was you who—"

"Who turned burglar to filch your jacket from the Colorado building in the dusk of a summer evening," he smilingly finished, as she hesitated.

"And to think of meeting you again in this out-of-the-way place!" she cried, with an excited little laugh, surveying him incredulously. "I thought your voice seemed familiar the moment I met you to-day; but I did not half see your face that night, and that it could be you—of course such a thing could not enter my mind." She looked at him again, as though reduced to speechlessness for the wonder of it, while he laughed amusedly, saying nothing. "Of course I guessed that you might be from Colorado, from your familiarity with the building," she presently went on, "but to think of running across you here, of all places."

"And I fancied also that you might be from Colorado," he rejoined, looking up at her with pleased eyes. Just as she had been keen to take account of his good looks a moment ago, so was he missing no charm of the bronze-brown hair with its soft love-locks pressed flat against her forehead where her riding-cap had been, no curve of the daintily rounded form, so trimly displayed in the well-fitting habit, of the wildrose bloom of her face with its gray eyes, that now looked black in the shadows, of the enticing lines of the small mouth, where pride and passion seemed equally blended. But, unlike her, he would make no reservations; her beauty in his eyes was simply perfect. And he could not say that he had not seen her face on the night of which she spoke, in the gleam of the electric lights he had admired her then just as he did now, and not one detail of her loveliness had been forgotten. "I was so sure of it, indeed, that I hung round the building for days, hoping you would come again, but you never did."

"No; we left for the east the next morning," she replied, her cheeks grown rosier for this frank confession. "That was the reason I was so anxious to have my jacket. It was such a shock to me to find the building closed for the night; I believe I was on the verge of bursting into tears when you appeared. What a funny little adventure it was! I shall never forget how I stood outside and trembled while you prowled about hunting my property. I think I counted on nothing less than arrest for us both if you were discovered."

"It might have been temporarily embarrassing, but you had the check to show that the coat was yours, and since they had carelessly neglected to bolt the one side of the door to the floor, so that the lock gave way so easily—well, they should have been thankful that only such honest folk went in."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SENATOR'S COW.

A Deal That Cost the Statesman Very Heavily.

When, in a certain legislative proceeding, it was proposed to make an appropriation in a series of expenditures that never came to an end, Hon. Philetus Sawyer, then a United States senator from Wisconsin, said that the case reminded him of a cow that he once had on his farm. He told the story thus: "Once, when we were living on the farm a man came along and wanted to buy a certain cow. I offered him another, but nothing would do but the one he had pointed out. Then I told him that that cow was one I had given to my wife and that I could not sell it without her consent.

"'Well,' said the man, 'wouldn't she sell the cow?'

"I went into the house and asked my wife if I should sell the cow.

"'Oh, yes,' she said, 'but I want the money.'

"I sold the cow for $20, gave my wife two dollars, and said:

"'Call on me when you want more.'

"Then after that, when my wife wanted a dress, a bonnet, or money to get a wedding present, she would ask me for some of that cow money. I had paid her several thousand dollars of it, and wondered when the credit would be exhausted, when we built a house. Then it had to be furnished. We figured up what the cost would be of the things wanted, and found that it amounted to several thousand dollars. I said:

"'Wife, I'll pay you the balance of that cow money, and you can pay for furnishing the house with it.'

"It was a bargain, and at last the cow deal was over. That animal cost me not far from $20,000; but it was all right."—Youth's Companion.

Abhorred by Nature.

The conversation had dragged somewhat and she decided that he didn't amount to much intellectually.

"It must be unpleasant," she observed, after a wearisome silence, "for you to be so generally unpopular."

The dude stared stonily and gasped a little.

"Unpopular?" he repeated, his pale face flushing a trifle; "why, I'm sure I didn't know—"

The glance that she directed toward him was not unkind. It was only pitying.

"Nature abhors a vacuum, you know," she said, gently.

The silence that followed was so thick that it formed an impenetrable barrier between them for many years.—N. Y. World.

A Present for a Husband.

Furniture Dealer — Yes, madame, there is no nicer present for a man than a handsome writing desk. Look at this one, for example.

Customer—It's very pretty; but what are all those square things?

"Drawers, madame; that desk has 160 separate drawers."

"Huh! And every time he mislays anything he'll expect me to find it. Show me a desk with one drawer."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Retort Courteous.

Dawson—What is your business, may I ask?

Boorish Stranger—I'm a gentleman, sir. That's my business.

"Ah! You failed, I see."—Odds and Ends.

MOOSEHORN CORNER.

Its Unique Guideboard from Which It Got Its Name.

The guideboard which has stood at Moosehorn Corner, Blanchard, Me., country crossroads for 60 years is famous all over New England, and is visited and admired by hundreds of tourists every summer. The idea of using the blades of moose antlers instead of boards for telling the public the names of and distances to near-by places originated in the brain of Tom Puffer, the giant blacksmith of Piscataquis county, who owned a shop at the corner now called Moosehorn. At the center of four crossroads he put down a stout post, upon which he strapped the antlers of two gigantic moose, one above the other, and placed at right angles, so half an antler pointed down every road. The name of the town and its distance were painted upon the antler blades, and for more than a quarter of a century the town of Blanchard had the most valuable guideboard in the union.

Blacksmith Puffer created his moosehorn guideboard 62 years ago this summer. After his death the boys took liberties with it, and finally succeeded in shooting the upper set of antlers away. The lower set is in place to-day. Upon one blade, painted in rude letters, is this inscription: "Munson, 6 miles." On the opposite horn the reading is: "Blueberry Plains, 2½ miles." The antlers measure 72 inches from tip to tip, and the blades are eight inches wide. Old residents say that the upper set, which the boys used for a target, was considerably larger, with much wider blades.

Seventy-five years ago, when the region north of Dover was a wilderness, Puffer went there and put up a blacksmith shop, getting his trade from the outgoing and incoming woods teams. When he was not busy in his shop he made long trips in the woods. One spring, when he was cruising on the north side of Bald mountain, which is west of Moosehead lake, he came upon a clearing that was thickly strewn with antlers of moose and caribou. They were so plentiful that he said that he could fill a long rack with them without starting up his cart. He brought down several boat loads to Blanchard and cut them up for handles for hunting knives, which he forged in his shop. The widest moose antlers he saved, hoping he would be able to sell them. One set of moose horns, so tall that when set up on end a man could walk under the arch without touching it, is believed to be the largest pair ever worn upon earth. Charles Dutton, an aged resident, who saw them when Puffer was alive, says they were fully eight feet from tip to tip. If his estimate is correct, they were larger than the horns of the largest Irish elk that has been found.

Puffer soon found that it was easier to find moose horn than it was to sell them. He was getting old and rich, and a few years before he sold out his shop he put up the moose-horn guideboard which has made the corner famous. Two or three years before his death he moved to Exeter and made a will, leaving his money to the town and requesting that the great antlers be placed above his grave for a monument. His grave is now marked by a marble slab. The town got the money and spent it for current expenses. Nobody knows where the moose antlers went. If anybody has them to-day he can sell them for $2,000.—N. Y. Sun.

HOW TO ROB TRAINS.

Theory of a Noted Criminal Who Did It Once Too Often.

James True, the train robber, is in jail here, accused of holding up a train single-handed. True is a fine looking man, about 35 years of age, and while he has a cool, determined looking air about him, he is not a person who would be picked out as one of the most daring train robbers of modern times. The charge against him was made by the United States authorities for the reason, as alleged, that he robbed a mail car. The offense was committed last winter at Uintah, Utah. Newspaper readers will remember about the holding up of a train at that place, the robbery of the mail and express cars and the terrorizing of the passengers. At first it was declared that a large band of masked men had attacked the train, and that hundreds of shots were fired to create the impression that there was a small army of robbers.

After it was all over, however, it was ascertained that the deed was the work of one man. He had gone swaggering through the train and alongside of it crying out orders to his "men," accompanying each order with a vicious oath and a pistol shot. The trainmen and the passengers concluded that a band of robbers had surrounded them and were lying alongside the railroad track ready to send a volley of rifle bullets into the train at the command of the leader. The robber is said to have secured a lot of rich booty from the mail car, but he was unable to get into the safe of the express car, and contented himself with small articles.

A hot search was immediately made for the robber through the mountains about Uintah, but without success. Sheriffs, constables and detectives finally abandoned the search, but Uncle Sam's men never grew weary, and it is claimed that a strong case has been made against True. It is claimed that the prisoner was formerly a railroad man, and that he was at one time the leader of an organized band of robbers in Colorado. He says that he has a wife and children residing in Utah.—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

An Old Orchard.

An orchard of 75 trees, which have been bearing for more than 60 years, on the farm of Henry Davidson, near Whitesville, Ind., has for the last five years yielded a better quality of fruit and more of it than it did a score of years ago.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Three of a kind would have scooped the ark, as it held nothing but pairs.—Chicago News.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—"Judge" Elijah A. Parsons, who died at Towanda, Pa., a few days ago, was one of the oldest editors in that state, having been actively engaged in newspaper work about 60 years. He was long the editor of the Bradford Argus.

—When Mary N. Murfree—Charles Egbert Craddock—was a young girl, being barred by physical infirmity from athletic pleasures, picnics, tramps, etc., she would spend the time at her mirror, and greet her young friends on their return, a vision of radiant beauty.

—James Whitcomb Riley's father insisted on his reading law when he was a boy; but one hot afternoon the young fellow slid out of the office, and ran away to beat the drum for a patent medicine and concert wagon. He kept it up through the rest of the season.

—Norman B. Covert, a 78-year-old citizen of Ann Arbor, Mich., has been converted from Methodism to Brahminism. He is supposed to be the only American convert to that creed, and he has not adopted all of its doctrines, for he will not abstain from the use of animal flesh for food.

—One of Elizabeth Phelps Ward's best titles, "Men, Women and Ghosts," was devised by James T. Fields, her publisher. Mrs. Ward's favorites among her own short stories are: "A Madonna of the Tubs," "Jack the Fisherman," "The Supply at Saint Agatha's" and "The Bell of Saint Basil's."

—Col. Higginson, with his wife and daughter, is summering in Europe. In his small and unpretentious house at Cambridge, Mass., the evidences of culture and the implements of his craft are everywhere. He is a kindly and gracious host, and a delightful figure on any occasion, despite his 70-odd years.

—De Quincy was once obliged to fill up a census paper. He entered his own occupation as "writer to the magazines," but was puzzled in regard to entering the occupations of his three daughters. He finally drew a ring around their names and wrote: "These are like the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin."

—Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian institution, for the first time in some years attended the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences a few years ago. The president noticed the fact, and reviewed Prof. Langley's work in physics. M. Berthelot greeted him on behalf of French aeronauts. Mr. Langley assured the academy that he had obtained very interesting results with his steam aeroplanes. He will soon lay before the public a detailed account of all that he has done.

ENGLISH HANDS.

A Well-Known Palmist Finds Fine Qualities in Them.

Mme. Thebes, the well-known palmist, went to England recently with the intention of studying the hands of certain prominent English people, her ultimate object being to ascertain, by means of such study, the causes of Great Britain's greatness. She has now returned to Paris, and has given a curious account of her experiences in England.

"The average English hand," she says, "clearly denotes happiness. All these hands are firm and slightly red, and the fingers are square, which is the token of punctuality, good sense, energy and activity. Honesty is also denoted, and this will not surprise those who know how upright Englishmen are. The English women have long thumbs, which is a sign of strong will unless contrary lines in the hands modify this tendency. Now, all these qualities which I have mentioned are good, and those who possess them are naturally happy and fortunate.

"Furthermore, I examined nearly a thousand hands among all classes of society—courtiers, as well as working people—and in all I found one very characteristic sign, namely, the sentiment of unity of the Anglo-Saxon race. This sign is not to be found in French hands. According to a person's rank and social position in France will his or her hand be. By means of the hand I can always, in France, distinguish the aristocrat from the plebeian.

"In English hands there are no traces of organic diseases. In the thousands which I examined I found only one case of typhoid fever, and in this instance the disease was contracted abroad. No one who knows the progress of hygiene in England can be surprised at this absence of disease. Neither did I find in the hands of members of the English court any presages of accidents, such as I have found in French hands, nor of revolution, such as I have found at the court of Italy.

"In what respects the English hands differ from the French and Italian hands I cannot yet say, but I intend to return to England and to Italy, and to study the subject thoroughly. I will also go to Germany and to Russia, and I expect to make some curious discoveries.

"The usefulness of such work is manifest, though at the same time it is certain that many of the casualities foreshadowed by the hands cannot, as a rule, be avoided. A person who is threatened with a violent blow on the head will find it very difficult to escape it. Still, by the use of will power and by taking all necessary precautions it may be avoided. I have seen in the hands of many young women unquestionably indications of injury through some iron instrument, and, as all of them rode bicycles, I unhesitatingly advised them to give up the amusement."—N. Y. Herald.

The Climax of Absurdity.

Isaacs—I tried to read vun of dem Scotch nofels; but, I dells you, dot dialegt is ridigulous.

Cohenstein—So?

"It's awful. T'ink of callin' a body of vater 'a burn!'"—Puck.

Setting Him Right.

Greeable—Is that your baby?

Crawdon—No, sir; the possession is on the other side. He is not my baby; I'm his father.—Boston Transcript.